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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

WEEKLY REVIEW.

—The Rev. Mr. Boerresen, of the Home Mission among the Santals, was in Bombay lately and gave us some account of the wonderful work which God wrought last year among that people. Mr. Boerresen was alone; Mr. Skrefsrud had gone to Europe and Mr. Haegert was ill; yet it pleased God, in that very juncture, to bring the Santals in clouds to the ark of salvation. In the course of about seven months, Mr. Boerresen baptized about 1,600 Santals, adults, on the profession of their faith in Christ. Our readers are aware that the famine prevailed greatly in the Santal country last year, and relief works were instituted and placed by the Commissioner under the direction of Mr. Boerresen. He accepted the charge on the understanding that he would not be interfered with in any way, that the Sabbath should be observed, and that he should have the right to preach the Gospel to those employed. Let it be particularly noticed that the relief works were available for all, and that no distinction was made between believers and unbelievers; no pecuniary or worldly motive was used to induce men to profess faith in Christ. Half an hour before the close of each working day, Mr. Boerresen got them together and preached the Gospel to them. It was some time before the word took effect. As length there came one or two enquirers, and after that the number rapidly increased. Great pains were taken to show them what the Gospel demanded of them. The curse of the people has been, pre-eminently, drink. A part of their devil-worship consists in surrendering themselves to inebriety for a period of about 14 days every year. One is reminded of the multitudinous references in the Rig Veda to the inspiration of the soma-juice, in connection with the sacrificial worship of the gods. The Santals by no means restrict themselves to the 14 days of sacred carousal; they drink all the year round, and it is appalling the extent to which they avail themselves of the facilities afforded by the countless grog-shops. When converted, every Santal understands at once that he is no more to touch the accursed thing; all the Christians are total abstainers. Nothing was more remarkable than the way in which they felt constrained to go and try to win others, as soon as they had obtained forgiveness of sin, unless it was the way in which the Lord blessed their testimony. In this way the Gospel has been very rapidly diffused, and Christians are found in more than 130 villages. They who have remembered this Mission in their prayers will now include it in their thanksgivings.

—The Rev. Mr. Somerville was last week at Delhi. His services at Agra the previous week were well attended, and are believed to have been helpful to many. The closing meeting lasted four hours, and the following speakers are said to have taken part:

The Revs. Messrs. Vine of the Church Mission, Gregson of the Baptist, Morrison Junior of the Presbyterian, Mansel of the Methodist, Forbes and Smith of the Baptist Mission at Delhi, and Scott Moncrieff, Esq, of Calcutta.

—The Rev. Sholto Douglas is expected in Bombay about the 15th of March.

—The Rev. Mr. Dawson, of the Free Church Mission, Chindwara, left Bombay for England last Monday, hoping to return, if the Lord will, with recruited health in a year or two.—The Rev. Dr. Scott, of the M. E. Mission, Bareilly, leaves for America on Monday next.

—We are indebted to a friend for the following extract from a letter received from a Christian sister at Madras:

"We have had a very happy refreshing time through dear Mr. Douglas' teaching and preaching. He is a real, true, faithful earnest man of God, and must be a blessing wherever he goes. Satan is alarmed and showing opposition. Some High Church ministers warn their people from their pulpits against him, but it is of the Lord and they cannot hinder the progress of His Kingdom. It is time for God's children to be *out-and-out* true for Jesus—the time is short. But the enemy cannot prevail or overthrow, though God's children may have to "suffer with Him." *What a privilege!*

The Rev. Mr. Douglas is expected in Bombay about the 15th of March.

—Our daily contemporaries are supplying copious telegraphic news from Baroda. During the first three days of the trial the ayah and those who were concerned in bringing about her confidential interviews with the Gaekwar have been examined. We do not suppose there has ever been a trial in India that has had such an interest for the public as this. The fact that two of the greatest Native Princes in India are sitting on the Commission, gives it an altogether peculiar character. Some of the witnesses seem to be in trepidation lest the English Government should not be able to protect them if they give evidence to the prejudice of the Gaekwar.

—After a fortnight's labour in Sheffield, it was the privilege of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to hold a meeting with six hundred converts. On Sunday, January 10, Mr. Moody and the Vicar of Sheffield preached to a vast concourse in the parish churchyard; and on Monday the Rev. Mr. Stainton, Congregational minister, addressed a large body of anxious inquirers in the parish church itself.—There was a great contrast, as the London *Hour* points out, between the congregation of a dozen people at the week-day afternoon service in the Manchester Cathedral—which it is proposed to re-build at the cost of a million pounds—and the congregation of several thousands assembled at the same hour to hear Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

Mr. Moody contributes to the *Christian* a paper on "What is to be done for the Unsaved Masses?" Here are some extracts:

Let us pass round the question. What is to be done for the masses? Let us pass it round from city to city, from village to village, from heart to heart; and let us all contribute to the answering of it, and contribute in deeds as well as in words. Let every man and woman feel that the question is not for ministers, and elders, and deacons, but for *them!* Especially would I lay it upon those who have never worked before, to ask God to show them their own personal duty in this solemn matter. It is not enough that we give our means; we must give ourselves. I may hire a man to do *some* work; but I can never hire a man to do *my* work. Alone, before God, I must answer for that; and so must we all. It is not enough that you say "My work has been to hire another man's work"; for that hired man's work is, after all, only his own work, and you have helped him to do it better; and his work is counted to his own account, and can never be registered on yours. To help another man to do God's work is well; but it can never take the place of your own work for God; and are there not hundreds of Christians whom God has blessed with wealth and influence sheltering their consciences to-day under the purchased labour of a hired substitute? We think it is cheap service—paying a missionary to live for us his short-lived life in the deserts of India; or a couple of Bible-women to do our work in the hovels of the poor at home! But oh! it is very, very dear if it take the place of the work which God has given to "every man" to do. "*Every man's work* shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare *it*, because *it* shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try *every man's work* of what sort *it* is." It is a great truth that the world is saved by the substitution of Christ for sinners; but it is likewise a very solemn thought that the world is being lost by the substitution of one Christian's work for another's.

Next to this great evil of employing substitutionary labour instead of our own, there exists a grievance scarcely less injurious to the spread of God's work among the hearts of the people. Many a man, without neglecting his own work in the least, has the means of employing others in addition, and for this purpose it is no uncommon idea that *anybody will do!* For work among the masses, it is argued, there is nothing like selecting those who have themselves been born and bred within the sphere of the masses. Now this is a fatal mistake. God's servants ought to be the flower of the land. They ought to be chosen from amongst the best that a nation has; and one of the main reasons why the masses are as yet almost untouched by the power of the gospel of Christ is, that we send the wrong men to reach them.

The excuses which Satan puts into the sinner's heart for rejecting Christ *are nothing to those with which he tempts the Christian to abstain from Christian work.* We have thousands and thousands of Christians who can tell you in a minute why they are not doing anything for Christ. The excuse has been lying there for years already formed, and by this time they are perfectly satisfied upon the subject. At the beginning of their Christian life, Satan told them some little lie—"they were too inexperienced for work" perhaps, "they had not the gift," "they might just spoil matters," "they must wait for better openings," and "a fitter frame for service." And so this matter of work has been hushed up. And God's people are slumbering on the faith of such miserable subterfuges, while souls are dying in hundreds at their very doors! God only knows what a fearful revelation it would be, if He were to challenge these excuses this day, and

expose their hollowness to our barren and fruitless lives! It is high time we were waking out of sleep. Let us rise and examine ourselves in the sight of God, and see what is to hinder us from entering the vineyard of his Son. And if we see it to be His will that the God-like work of winning souls should fall into these unworthy hands of ours, let us accept with humble faith the holy privilege, and count no earthly sacrifice too great if it is to help even one of these poor souls to reach its eternal rest.

A CORRESPONDENT tells us of one who is anxious to give herself to the Lord, but is unwilling to forego the pleasures of the theatre and the dance, and does not see that the Christian life is incompatible with these pleasures. One that is really anxious to belong to Christ must see that discipleship means the adoption of Christ's ideas, and that no one idea is more prominent in the teaching of Christ than the necessity of separation from the world. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." "My peace give I unto you." "That my joy may be fulfilled in them." "What fellowship hath light with darkness?" "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." "Whatsoever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." "Pray without ceasing." Is there anything more essentially worldly than the ball-room or the theatre? Do men and women go to these places in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ? Do they go in the spirit of prayer? Do they speak to one another of Jesus in those places? Is it not a fact that you meet there with those who care for none of these things, and would be much displeased if you referred to them? If the earnest followers of Jesus are spoken of in those assemblies, is it not with derision? If you are the Lord's, then will you have the mind that was in him. Have you the peace that Christ bequeathed, in the ball-room or theatre? Is it *his* joy that is fulfilled in you there? As many as are the children of God they are led by the Spirit of God; and that Spirit will cause them to find their happiness in the society of those who love Jesus. Look at the sums that are lavished on dancing parties and similar entertainments; what a mere pittance, in comparison, is given in charity, or to make men acquainted with the Gospel. If you are Christ's, then your money is his, your time is his. It is the love of worldly pleasure that hinders thousands and myriads of our fellow-men from hearing the voice of Him who was crucified for them; they are without God in the world, and dying as they are, will go to perdition; and yet you countenance the world and strengthen its power for evil, by seeking its pleasures, instead of bearing testimony against it and showing men that Christ is able to give his people unalloyed pleasure. Men wish to be happy, and it is Satan's great lie that God cannot make his people happy, that to become religious is to renounce happiness; and it becomes Christians to give evidence of the contrary, and show that in union with Christ there is a present heaven, compared with which the pleasures of the world are vanity itself.

WE take the liberty of making the following extract from a private letter. It is from a Christian worker who has been laid aside for a season by an accident:

"I am very helpless; still, with the aid of a hand clasp, I can write a line. It is not an ordinary thing for me to be helpless, and no doubt God saw that it was good to show me how my strength is only in Him. He is educating me in some things which it had been difficult to teach me by any other means. I have thought much of the blessing of being spiritually taught by Jesus, by *any means*. To my mind the wondrous riches and glory of this great salvation come to me in the form of being *made partakers of the divine nature*, and not so much in the contemplation of heaven. We often say that the greatest fortune we can give to children is a good education. Why? because it becomes part of themselves, and cannot be taken away. God is giving me a spiritual education, which becomes part of myself, 'durable' riches. I wish I could write more about them."

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PERFECTION.

PERFECTION, in the absolute sense, can be attributed to God only. Nothing can be added to his goodness, power, wisdom or happiness. All conceivable excellence is in him. In fact there is none good in the absolute sense, save God; and all the goodness of creatures must in the nature of things be simply an emanation from him. Of him, through him and to him are all things. Sometimes it may seem to us that the very perfection of God constitutes a kind of defect. We judge of his happiness by our own. To reach a point where nothing could be added to us, nothing apprehended by us, nothing new could ever present itself to us, would be to reach a condition of unutterable dreariness, like reaching the gloom and desolation of a dungeon. But even in a dungeon the prisoner has memory and imagination, and can out of the stores of his mind make new combinations that will faintly enliven his dark days. Silvio Pellico and Maroncelli in the fortress of Spielberg, and Madame Guyon in the Bastille, were accustomed to make poetry and commit it to memory. And when we have formed to ourselves that conception of Deity which dogmatic theology insists on, self-existent, immutable, omniscient, we conclude that such a thing as a new thought never yet sprang up in the mind of God, and that all conceivable thoughts were present to him eternally. But the perfection of God is, we suppose, really in this, that he has in himself all that is necessary to his supreme and unalloyed happiness. God is love; and, consequently, his happiness is in blessing; his nature demands that there should be a creation vast enough for all his perfections to move in, conveying the treasures of his love to his creatures. And although we are so constituted that joy is allied to growth, yet even we find our happiness in communicating good, and the joy of progress in a rightly constituted mind is specially in this, that we are fitting ourselves for greater usefulness. And there are two thoughts that come in here to help us in our endeavour to understand the being of God. The first is, God, as he is perfect in all things, so is he perfect in sympathy; he *feels with* his creatures, even the least of them; their happiness is his. The mother watches over the infant and is delighted to see the unfolding of its faculties; her joy is as great as that of the infant. So does God ally himself to the meanest of his creatures; in the being of every creature there is more of God than there is of the creature; and the joy that the creature has is a joy not only imparted by God but felt by him. For he is perfect in sympathy. Secondly, God has created free agents, having each his own individuality and power of choice. Many of these have abused their freedom, and taken themselves away from the kingdom of God. God has introduced a scheme of redemption, of restitution; and each repenting sinner is like a waste and desolate creation, 'without form and void,' a new theatre in which the perfections of God may unfold themselves; and each believer is, in some sense, a new kingdom of God, in which God ascends the throne and makes the wilderness bloom and blossom as the rose. Is not this the idea expressed in Rom. v.? "For if by one man's offence death reigned by one, much more they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ. As sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." When the time comes for the manifestation of the sons of God, when Jesus shall be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe, and we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he, is, then shall we understand better what a glorious new kingdom God has won for himself in the heart and life of every believer.

But perfection is a word that is by no means exclusively appropriated to God in the Scriptures. It is more frequently used in connection with man, the pardoned sinner. We are commanded to be perfect, even as our heavenly Father is perfect. Christians that have not been holding fast their confideuce are urged to go on to perfection. Patience is to have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Herein is our love made perfect. Perfect love casteth out fear. Paul laboured to present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. As many as be perfect, let us be thus minded. We speak wisdom among them that are perfect. Perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. Be perfect. A thing is perfect when it answers the ends for which it is made. We are God's workmanship, created anew unto righteousness and true holiness. We have a perfect Saviour, and our perfection consists in perfectly availing ourself of the salvation he brings to us. What stands in the way is self-trust, or trust in the world. We have to learn our privation of all goodness, wisdom and strength, and to be content to live upon Christ, moment by moment, as the branch upon the vine. A branch is perfect when it receives and uses its full supply of sap, even though there be not a leaf or a cluster yet upon it. These will appear. But the branch continues to grow. Its perfection is in growing. Stop it from growing and you hinder its perfection. Perfection is necessarily connected with life, and life with growth. A river flows and its perfection demands this. If you raise the bed to a level, you kill it as a river; it becomes still water and soon stagnates. The perfection of a racer is in running. When a man is running at utmost speed, for a prize, it would be a great blunder to stop him because his running is perfection. If his perfection is in running, let him run. So Paul, after describing himself as thus running, says, As

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many as be perfect let us be thus minded; viz. let us, like a runner, forget the things that are behind and press forward. Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth that it may bring forth more fruit; the fruit of to-day is exceeded by the fruit of to-morrow; but the branch of to-day is only expected to bring forth the fruit of to-day. Let me receive Christ for all the duties of to-day, and he will enlarge my powers for greater tasks to-morrow.

REV. MR. TAYLOR.

THE Rev. Wm. Taylor has received a letter from Mr. R. C. Morgan, Editor of the *Christian*, in which, after giving an account of the plan of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to carry on a preaching campaign of four months in London, he says:

"Mr. Moody has requested me to write to you, in the hope that the Lord may give you to hear in this invitation the cry, 'Come over and help us.' Of course all expenses will be guaranteed. I am desired by the Committee of the Noon Prayer Meeting to say that we must be responsible for these. I may remind you that London is the metropolis of the world, and that to move this mighty city as it never has been moved, is worth any effort which any number of men of God could put forth." "We fervently hope that it may be our Father's good pleasure to appoint you as one of his ambassadors in this great work."

It is seven years and a half since Mr. Taylor has seen his wife and children. His wife is a woman of kindred spirit to his own, taking the deepest interest in the work which the Lord has been accomplishing through him, nor has she ever once asked him to leave this work and come home, till now; in the last letter received from her she for the first time expresses the desire, not for her own sake so much as for that of his sons now fast growing to manhood. Mr. Taylor had calculated upon taking a furlough next year. At present, however, the work in India, through the reinforcements recently received from America, is in such a state of development and organization that it can be left by him. He has been thus led to believe it to be the will of God that he should now visit England and take part in the great evangelistic campaign to be carried on there during the next four months. After this he will be free to visit his family in America. We do not anticipate that he will be long away from India. The eyes of the whole Christian world will now be directed to London, where the men whom God has most used in this generation in the winning of souls are to sound the Gospel trumpet throughout a city which may emphatically be called the mistress of the world. It is remarkable that in each new place where Messrs. Moody and Sankey preach, the power of the Lord seems more abundantly to crown their work. Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham,—the stream as it rolls on is wider and deeper. And the power is the power of prayer. The converts of to-day are to-morrow supplicating the Lord for a blessing on the word; so, almost in the nature of things, the power increases as the work goes on. And each place that experiences the revival becomes a centre from whence reviving influences are radiated all around. During these coming months the churches of Christ, throughout the world will give themselves to special prayer, for a mighty and unprecedented blessing on the campaign in London. Nor need this hinder that we should be looking for the coming of God's kingdom among ourselves. Say not, There are yet four months and then cometh harvest. It is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon us.

We do not suppose that Mr. Taylor has seen so many brought to the Lord under his ministry in India, as he hoped to see before he came here. He has seen vast numbers converted under his preaching in the U. States, Canada, Great Britain, West Indies, New Guinea, Africa and Australia; in Australia five or six thousand, in Southern Africa seven thousand. Formidable difficulties here presented themselves. From the beginning his desire was to be made useful to the Natives; but he found that the interval between India and his native land was not so great as that which separates Christians in India from the masses of the people. The Lord led him to see that the stumbling-blocks must be taken out of the way, before the chariot-wheels of his salvation could go forward. The type of Christian life in India was too divergent from that of the Gospel; before the heathen could see that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of sinners, it was necessary that they who professed to believe on him should show in their consecrated lives his saving power. During the last three years Mr. Taylor has given himself heart and soul to this antecedent and preparatory work of raising up, through the blessing of God, a witnessing and working church, embracing men and women of all nationalities, but mostly using the English language, with this idea dominant in the hearts of all, that they are commissioned of God to show forth his saving truth to the Gentiles among whom they live. In the development of this work, nothing is more marked than the tendency to ramify. Men have been raised up in Bombay to become evangelists and pastors in many different parts of India; nor has Bombay suffered. With only two ordained ministers here resident, there are about *fifty services* held weekly, in English, Marathi and other languages. One peculiarity of this work is that it is self-sustaining. It is not dependent upon the aid of any Missionary Society in England or America. The converts have been mostly from among the middle or lower classes, yet there has been no lack of funds. Six Missionaries came from America to join the Mission-work superintended by the Rev. Mr. Taylor; and the expense of their passage from America was all that the Missionary Society in America was asked to defray. We have before us the financial statement of the Bombay Circuit for 1874, printed for the information of members. The total disbursements amounted to Rs. 7,733. This embraces expenditure not only in Bombay, but in a number of places where the work was in its infancy. The receipts were Rs. 7,042. A surplus at the beginning of 1874 supplied the deficiency. Of the receipts, Rs. 3,291 was collected in Fellowship Bands, Rs. 2,735 in the congregations, and Rs. 1,012 subscriptions and donations. Mr. Taylor has taken nothing from the churches which he has been the means of raising up in India, not even his travelling expenses; just so far as these churches shall be animated by the same self-renouncing spirit they may expect to accomplish the end for which they have been raised up.

GLEANINGS IN EPHESIANS.

Head over all things to the Church. i. 22.

The Apostle is describing the divine power by virtue of which Jesus arose from the dead and ascended higher than any earthly throne, higher than any archangelic dignity, to the throne not merely of omnipotence but of an omnipotence available for the redemption of sinners. The Apostle is endeavouring to give us the measure of the power that is available for the sinner that believes on Jesus. God, in exalting him, says to the sinner, See what I am willing to do for thee, if thou wilt believe. See Jesus in the tomb, voiceless, sightless, senseless, motionless, lifeless; lo, an earthquake, and life enters the inaminate body; what life is this? The answer is unfolded as Jesus ascends to one heaven and another and another, sitting down there only where all things are under his feet. He went forth alone, and he returns with a world of sinners girded to himself; humanity, fallen and wrecked humanity, has been apprehended by him, grasped at the very bottom of the ocean of sin, and borne aloft triumphant. If we be dead with him, then are we risen with him. The faith that allies us to the crucified One, makes us joint-heirs with him, so that we ascend the steps of his Father's palace with him. This is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe. Here is the higher Christian life; higher than the highest. But only as we have faith. Is Christ still in the sepulcure? Or, having come forth, is he creeping about shielding himself as he may from the wrath of his crucifiers? One would think so, from the way in which most Christians live. They come to some stone steps and sit down upon them; steps are not made to sit down upon, but to go up by; let them look and they will see that these steps reach to heaven, and that angels are posted all the way along to help the believer, and at the shining summit stands the Lord of glory. Get up, oh Christian! the step on which you are sitting has this inscription, Unto him that hath shall be given, and every step you go up you find that it has this same inscription. Do you believe the Gospel? The Gospel offers you the same power whereby Jesus ascended to the place of highest supremacy, and it is available now; none of the promises need to be negotiated by death; the words of God are life; and he that overcometh shall sit down with Jesus on his throne as He sat down on the Father's throne; now, if he now overcomes. Jesus is head over all things to the Church, that is, to each member of it, to you. Over all the things that frown upon you, alarm you, trouble you, paralyze you. There is nothing that Christ cannot subject to his will and make subservient to your welfare, *if you believe.*

The fulness of him that filleth all in all. 23.

The Church, when the will of God is perfectly accomplished in it, is the fulness of him from whom all fulness is; that is, in the Church is to be the fulness of the manifestation of the triune God. "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." Christ shall come to be admired in them that believe. What a sublime thought is here! that the fullest manifestation of God is to be in Christ's redeemed body. Christ's body is here; by faith it must be carried above all heavens; not the material heavens, but the heavens of God's revealed glory. The manifestation of the sons of God, is the manifestation of God in them. What is the New Jerusalem come down from God out of heaven, having the glory of God, the Lamb the light thereof, what but Christ's church, his body. When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth? The Spirit and the Bride say, with one and the same breath, 'Come,' to the sinner and to the Saviour.

NOTICES.

THE Rev. Wm. Taylor will (D. V.) preach in Falkland Road Hall, to-morrow, Lord's day, at 11 A. M., and at 6 P. M. The Rev. Dr. Scott, of Bareilly, will preach in Forbes' Street Hall, Fort, to-morrow at 11 A. M. The Annual Meeting of the Tract and Book Society is to be on Friday next. (See Advertisement.)

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

FOR an educated Native, almost persuaded to leave all for Christ.

Epitome of News.

Saturday, February 20.

—*Bombay Gazette;* London "The Forest of Dean colliers, in Gloucestershire, who have been on strike for six weeks against a reduction of 5 per cent., have just surrendered unconditionally, literally starved into submission, and losing £60,000 in wages."

—Thos. King, a private in the 57th Regiment, stationed in Ceylon, fell down dead in the early part of the month through apoplexy, brought on by the excitement of quarrelling with a companion.

—In "Notes on Science" by Dr. Dollinger, published in the *Pioneer*, we read :—Between Morhinghen and Immindingen, on the frontier of the Duchies of Baden Wurtemburg, the Danube has at length disappeared in the vast cavities which it has formed in the Jura limestone. For half a century past it has been observed that some portion of the river has flowed into cavities in the rocks to reappear again near the town of Aach in the Hobgace; now the whole body of water has disappeared in the enormous caverns which its erosive action has produced.

—*Times of India:* "The s. s. *Kong Sverre* arrived yesterday morning in harbour from Jeddah, with 923 pilgrims on board. As there were seven cases of small-pox among them, the vessel was anchored on the quarantine ground."

—Same; Baroda: "Bulwantrao Rahulkar, whose arrest I announced yesterday, has confessed that Mulharrao ordered the poisoning of Bhow Scindia."

—The *Indian Statesman* says that Mr. Lowe, the fourth engineer of the steamer *Canara*, was on Thursday sitting on a rail at the Mazagon Dry Dock, when Mr. Wilkinson, the fourth officer of the same vessel, came up and, in play, gave him a gentle push. Unfortunately Mr. Lowe over-balanced himself, and in catching hold of Mr. Wilkinson to save himself, both fell over into the dock, a distance of about forty feet. Both were badly hurt and are now in the hospital.

Monday, February 22.

—*Times of India;* Calcutta 21st: "Fuller accounts of the attack on the Naga Hills Survey party have been received. The party consisted of Lieut. Holcombe, Captain Badgley, 42 men of the 44th Sylhet Infantry, 22 Sylhet police, and 190 coolies. They were attacked when cooking their breakfast and packing. Lieut. Holcombe was first cut down. Captain Badgley saw it and fired his revolver at the Nagas. He was attacked in his tent, and escaped through the back of it, wounded in four places. All was over in one minute. Eighty were killed, including Lieut. Holcombe, eleven of the 44th, and eight police. Captain Badgley led the party back to Burasali, being attacked several times on the way, but he drove off the Nagas. Forty-two wounded are now in hospital at Jeypore.—The loss on the Secretary of State's bills to the end of January exceeds the estimate by Rs. 5,24,184: the total loss to that date is Rs. 83,77,650."

—By a gunpowder explosion in the powder factory at Kirkee, on Friday, Sergeant W. Haines and four natives were killed.

—The cargo (coal) of the steamer *Khersonese* in our harbour was found to be on fire on Saturday. It was extinguished.

—*Lucknow Witness*; A Calcutta correspondent says that Lent has come to interrupt the gaiety of that metropolis, and adds: "The 'world' unconsciously recognizes the fact that some of its most popular amusements are in some way irreconcilable with a life of piety, and hence lays them aside. It is easy enough to talk about the harmlessness of balls, theatres, and other places of fashionable resort, and yet none have better reason to know that Christ is utterly cast out of such places than those who frequent them, and it is at least creditable to their religious instincts that many of them are disposed to make at least a slight distinction between their own realm and the kingdom of Christ."

—Same: The total number of lay members in the Methodist Episcopal Church at the present time is 1,563,521 and the preachers number 23,651. The grand total of all branches of Methodism in the United States of America is 3,075,000 communicants.

Tuesday, February 23.

—*Bombay Gazette*; Allahabad, 22nd: "General Stafford and Colonel Keatinge have full authority to act vigorously against the Naga tribes concerned in the late massacre. They expect to have a force in the Naga hills by the end of this month; 500 men of the Duffla force proceed in that direction."

—Same: "At the Durbar Room in the Town Hall, yesterday evening, the distribution of prizes took place to the pupils of Miss Collett's school. This is the second year that this event has taken place; the room was filled and the proceedings created a good deal of interest. The singing of the children was remarkably good, showing the excellent tuition they had undergone, and to which they are indebted, we believe, to Miss Miles, who takes this portion of the duties of the school. Mr. Starling, who presided on this occasion, said Miss Collett had now the largest private school in Bombay, and she had gained this position without any assistance from Educational Boards or Committees, but alone by her own energy and good management.

—Madarkhan Secunderkhan was yesterday stabbed by Jamadar Boodun. The former was separated from his wife and wished to be reconciled to her, but the latter wanted her for his adopted son.

Wednesday, February 24.

—The *Times of India* has more than two columns of telegraphic matter from Baroda. The Commission opened yesterday. Mr. Scoble opened the case for the prosecution. Mrs. Boevey's ayah was the only witness examined yesterday. The *Bombay Gazette* says: "The ayah was the first witness, and detailed the circumstances of three visits to the palace. On the third visit she was asked in the Maharaja's presence, what would be the effect, if anything was given to the Saheb, and she warned the Maharaja that if anything injurious happened to Colonel Phayre he would be ruined. Serjeant Ballantine, in cross-examination, asked why she did not give information to her mistress or Colonel Phayre, and she replied that no mention was made of poison by the Maharaja, but what was said had alarmed her, because two men had previously told her an attempt to poison would be made. She could not repeat mere bazaar gup, and did not think any one in the bungalow would give anything to Colonel Phayre. She told her husband the day after the third interview. Cross examination will be resumed to-morrow. Serjeant Ballantine is elaborately gentle and conciliatory in his manner, and seems anxious to avoid raising petty or captious objections."

The Gaekwar was present, though not the whole time.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "The policy on the frontiers of Upper Scinde which Lord Northbrook has determined to pursue in future is to refuse to interfere in the internal affairs of the petty States on the other side of our territories in Scinde. The only exceptions to this course that will be permitted will be in the interests of trade, or for chastising any subjects of those chiefs over the borders who shall make raids into our territories. The frontiers to be watched extend from Jacobabad to the south passing the Las Beyla territory to the sea; the northern extent reaches from Jacobabad to Dhera Ghazee Khan in the Punjaub. For the watching of the southern frontier a police force will be organized, whilst the northern division will be under the charge of Captain Sandeman who is fully acquainted with the Murree and Boogtee tribes, and has considerable influence over them, which he has acquired since he has been Deputy Commissioner of Dhera Gazee Khan."

—*China News*: "The Emperor died on the 12th January. A grandson of Prince Tun will be his probable successor.—A telegram has been received at Shanghai announcing that Mr. Margary has successfully accomplished his journey overland through China to Bhamo.—A scheme for a Chinese "Naval Reserve" is being arranged in connection with the China Merchants S. N. Co. Twenty-eight steamers are to be furnished by the various provinces."

—*Times of India*: "The line from Kotree to near Sehwan is expected to open about August or September."

—*Hongkong Daily Press*, on the late Emperor: "The Emperor Tung-chi was born on the 4th April, 1857, and was, therefore in his eighteenth year. He succeeded his father, Hienfung, who died at the early age of 30 years, when an infant in his fifth year. He married, on the 14th October 1872, an accomplished and virtuous lady, Ah-lu-te, the daughter of Chung-chih, lecturer at the Hanlin, and subsequently raised to the dignity of duke. His public acts have been few and scarcely worthy of mention. His last public edicts indicate a not ungenerous disposition, their purport being pardon to some and reward for good service to others. Generally speaking, however, he has been ruled by the Empresses-dowager and his Ministers, and therefore kept very much in the background."

Thursday, February 25.

—*Bombay Gazette*; Baroda, 24th: The Court met at 11 A. M. The cross-examination of the ayah continued. The drift of questions to show that the witness confessed under the influence of the police. She denied having been threatened by the police and declared that she was persuaded to go, much against her will, to the Maharaja by Faizoo, who was after her with Salim for two months. Faizoo, the next witness, flatly contradicted this statement, saying that the ayah went of her own accord. He went because she went. He confessed after seeing the ayah and the gharrywalla in custody. The police asked if he had been to the Maharaja and he said yes. On being re-examined he said he had had no communication with the ayah and the gharrywalla before confessing. The gharrywalla was the next witness, and deposed to taking the ayah to the palace. Kurreem Naik, in cross-examination, contradicted the ayah's statement that he asked her to go to the Maharaja, and also said that she had asked him and promised him he would get a present for Luxmeebaee's marriage. He made no mention in his deposition before Mr. Souter of the Gaekwar's conversation with the ayah, but narrated it to-day. Much dissatisfaction is again expressed to-day by the Commission and the Counsel with the interpreters' rendering of evidence. No important witnesses about poisoning called yet, but the defence is greatly elated with contradictions in the evidence given. Mulharrao was in Court, and less nervous.

—Same; Bangalore, 24: Private Fallew, of the Hussars, has been sentenced to penal servitude for life, for attempting Sergeant-Major Davies' life.

—*Times of India*; the Gaekwar in Court: "Sir Lewis Pelly, entering from the right of the dais, ushered in His Highness Mulharrao and led him across the dais to the chair on the left. The Maharajah was evidently confused, and deeply impressed with the humiliation of his position. He looked askance at the chair, and it evidently cost him an effort to seat himself in it. He glanced hurriedly over the audience and saluted one or two friends, and then looked at Sir Lewis apparently for some moral support under the trial to his feelings. Sir Lewis by his manner appeared to wish to put the Prince at his ease, and bowing walked to the chair on the extreme right and seated himself there. An interval, which must have appeared an age to Mulharrao, occurred before the Commissioners arrived, and it was devoted by the audience to observing the Prince and the Governor General's Agent. The former hardly made an effort to conceal his agitation. He was pale, but the peculiar hue of his complexion would have prevented the fact from being observed by those who now saw him for the first time. He is not handsome, but the expression of his countenance is one of weakness rather than of evil. His large and prominent eyes moved perpetually from object to object, from person to person; he shifted his position on his chair, now leaning to one side now to another. His nervousnes, and his evident need of some external support to bear him up under the circumstances in which he found himself, evoked a feeling, not of sympathy, but of something akin to pity, in the beholder. He wore a green silk tunic, over which was thrown a white muslin *rumal*, and the red silk Mahratta turban completed a very simple but effective costume. Sir Lewis Pelly wore the cross of the Star of India on his breast and carried a rose in the button-hole of his blue frock coat. The somewhat Napoleonic type of Sir Lewis's head and face, combined with the courtly self-possession and air of natural authority which distinguish him, rendered the Governor-General's Agent a striking contrast to his sole companion on the dais."

—Pedestrians begin now to be thought of in Bombay. Mr. D. C. Gostling proposes that Porebunder stone side-walks should be laid down throughout the city.

—*Athenæum*: "Mr. Kingsley's reputation will eventually, we suspect, rest upon 'Alton Locke.' That striking novel probably occupies a permanent place in literature, and in it we plainly see the two main influences that moulded the writer's opinions. A great horror of the Calvinistic theory of Rewards and Punishments was the basis of his religious opinions—

> Is selfishness for a time a sin,
> Stretched out into eternity celestial prudence?

And coming early under the influence of Mr. Maurice, he embraced with ardour the doctrines of that great theologian, whose chief work, 'The Kingdom of Christ,' appeared just after Mr. Kingsley took his degree. With these he, curiously enough, combined the teachings of Mr. Carlyle, especially in 'Sartor Resartus;' and clothing the doctrines he had thus imbibed in a dramatic and vigorous form, he at once attained a wide-spread popularity. It may be objected that both in 'Alton Locke' and in 'Yeast' he raises questions which he by no means answers; but this artistic incompleteness did not tend to diminish the immediate effect on his readers."

—At Peshawur, a few days ago, Lieutenant Crompton struck his servant: and the man, whose spleen was diseased, died about two hours afterwards.

—*Deccan Herald*: "It is sad to see how people are attracted by fair speech without any regard to what they hear, whether it be true or false. We were recently visited in Poona by an accredited religious teacher, said to be very eloqwent, while very few could remember a word he said so as to relate it intelligently afterwards. Crowds ran after him, racing with each other every night to secure an entrance into the place where he was to be heard. His appearance was singular. He was not clothed in soft raiment, but in monkish cloak and cowl with a rope girdle about his loins. His voice was intoned to a rather inhuman than superhuman key. What we have to do with is, that this man is one of a party who are endeavouring to revive in the Church of England the purely Popish institution of auricular confession. That any institution established by divine authority, and which may have fallen into desuetude, should be revived, is right; but auricular confession, which is one of the main springs of priestly usurpation, a copious source of wealth to the priestly class, and a fountain of all possible wickedness, was finally established by Pope Innocent III. only in the beginning of the thirteenth century; and it is no older than the mass and certain other Popish innovations. Bellarmine, the sovereign mouthpiece of the Papal church, in a very gallant manner proves auricular confession by a certain vision of a tall and terribly fierce man, with a book in his hand, who blotted out instantly all the sins which the humble thief confessed to the priest on his knees (Bell. De Pœnit. l. 3. cap. 12.) This is the kind of foundation on which the diabolical institution rests. Papal authorities consider it a very solid foundation: the only weakness, they say, is in trying to prove it from the Scriptures. None are better aware than intelligent and honest Papists of the immoral influence of this institution on the minds of priests and people. Let any one take up Pascal's Provincial Letters or the Secreta Monita (Secret instructions of the Jesuits), and let him read the extracts out of the three hundred and twenty-six Jesuit writers on morality, and he will see that our warnings on this subject are not without reason."

—*Overland Mail*, Feb. 5: Garibaldi is intent upon a scheme for diverting the course of the River Tiber. To further this object he has had an interview with the King.

The Turkish Government has refused the request of the deputation from the Evangelical Alliance, conveyed through the British Ambassador, for an audience of the Sutan in order to present to His Majesty an address regarding the condition of Christians in Turkey. The deputation decline to present the address except to the Sultan personally. On leaving Constantinople the members of the deputation sent a protest to the Grand Vizier against his refusal to request the Sultan to grant them an audience. Just at the moment of their departure they received, it is announced, an important official communication from the Turkish Government.

—*Christian Age*: "The Roman correspondent of one of the Papal journals writes to say that a few days ago the "old Buccaneer" (Garibaldi) had signified "his resolution of not accepting the annual pension of 100,000 lire" (£4000). A little further on the same correspondent relates how, at the feast of the Epiphany, "The Society of the Catholic Italian Youth presented an address and 100,000 lire to the Sovereign Pontiff." We do not hear that *he* refused to accept the money. The disinterestedness of the 'Buccaneer' puts to shame the cupidity of the 'Pontiff.'"

Friday, February 26.

—Sir Jung Bahadoor left yesterday for Nepaul. Some idea of the *impedimenta* of a Native prince may be got from the following:

"The special train was composed of three first class, one second class, five third class carriages, one horse box, three carriage trucks, conveying the palkees, three covered goods waggons for heavy luggage, and one brake."

—*Times of India*; Baroda telegrams, 25: "Sundul Khan, the first witness called to-day, deposed to driving the ayah and Kureem to the Gaekwar's palace. He was severely cross-examined by Serjeant Ballantine. He said he did not mention Kureem's name to Mr. Souter at first, but was kept in confinement till he did. He was then liberated. Witness afterwards withdrew this statement. Serjeant Ballantine stated that no intimation of this witness's evidence had been given until to-day. He again cross-examined him, eliciting that Sarduk Ally, a camel-walla, first got him to give a clue to the case. The ayah's boy was also examined, and said that he accompanied the ayah in a gharry to the palace with Salim. Shaik Abdoolla, the ayah's husband, deposed that his wife told him of her interviews with the Maharajah, who requested her to *sumjao madum*, and of Salim's asking if nothing could be done to bring about a union of the hearts of the Maharajah and the sahib. The ayah replied that nothing should be given to the *saheb logue* to eat, and said if you do anything of the kind you will be ruined. Letters between the ayah and witness were put in. Serjeant Ballantine objected. They were ultimately admitted. Two letters were read. They spoke of political affairs, mentioning Yeshwuntrao—they were not apparently important otherwise. The Court adjourned at 4 30 p. m. Mr. Light is here for the New Bank of Bombay, organising the branch, which will take over the Treasury accounts."

—The *Indus*, with the next mails, left Aden for Bombay yesterday, at 45 min. P. M.

—Deaths last week, 464.

—*Bombay Gazette*; Baroda: "Two gharry-wallahs deposed to having driven her on separate occasions to the Palace. One of these witnesses said he was afraid of his life for having given information, as he had heard that Bhow Scindia had been trampled to death by an elephant at Baroda."

—*Indian Statesman*; Baroda: "The witnesses are divided into batches according to the description of evidence. Nine witnesses belong to the first batch, and the nature of their evidence is supposed to show that the Gaekwar tampered with, and offered gratifications to the, servants at the Residency. The second batch prove that the Gaekwar incited the Residency servants to poison Colonel Phayre. Damodur Punt belongs to the third batch. It is rumoured that Mr. Souter will not be called."

Selections.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

From A Discourse with reference to the late Phœbe Palmer, the Evangelist.

BY REV. DR DE WITT TALMAGE.

This morning I wish to speak more especially of one who went out from amongst us, a Christian woman known all the world over. She has just entered into that glorious world, that vast world, that world where Christ is. Among the Hannah Moores, and the Charlotte Elizabeths, and the Mrs. Adoniram Judsons, and the Mrs. Fletchers,

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER

has taken her place, radiant as any of them—perhaps more radiant than them all. It seems to me she must have had a very easy entrance. She did not have to crowd through. When half-and-half Christians come up to the gate of heaven, methinks they have to squeeze in, that the gate grazes them on both sides, or closes behind them, catching the skirts of their garment. Not so with her. An abundant entrance was administered unto her. I think a mandate went forth: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let her come through." O, I should have liked to have stood somewhere near the gate, to have heard the multitudinous shout that greeted her from the armies of the saved.

I cannot, as a minister of the most high God, allow such a life to be passed, and such a death to be witnessed, without, as far as I may, prolonging the echo.

I admired her as the discoverer of what is called, rightly or wrongly,

"THE HIGHER LIFE."

Columbus no more certainly discovered our new world than Phœbe Palmer discovered that new world of light, and love, and joy, and peace which she spoke of. Columbus did not create this new world of America; he only pointed it out. Phœbe Palmer did not create "the higher life;" she only exhibited it. She showed to the Church of God that there were MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF CHRISTIAN SATISFACTION that it had never attained; and she created in the souls of us who have not reached that elevation a longing for the glorious ascent.

For thirty-seven years—longer than the life, perhaps, of the majority of people present to-day—every Tuesday she had a meeting, the sole object of which was the elevation of the standard of Christian holiness; and there were hundreds of Christian ministers who came in and sat down at her feet and got her blessing, and went out stronger for Christian combat. It was no rare thing, in her evangelistic meetings in the United States and Europe, to have ministers of the Presbyterian Church and the Baptist Church and the Methodist Church and the Episcopal Church and all the Churches, coming and kneeling down at the altar, bemoaning their unbelief and their coldness, and then rising up, saying: "I have got it—the blessing."

Some caricatured and said there was no such thing as "a higher life" of peace and Christian satisfaction; but she lived long enough to see the whole Christian Church waking up to this doctrine, and thousands and tens of thousands coming on to the high tableland where once she stood, she herself having passed on now, higher up, that she may still beckon us on, crying: 'Up this way! Up this way!" Glorious soul of Phœbe Palmer! Synonym of holiness unto the Lord!

I am also astonished at

THE NUMBER OF CONVERSIONS

under her ministry. She was as unlike as possible those female political speaker who make speeches in behalf of the rights of suffrage, or in behalf of a seat in Congressional halls. She went forth to serve Christ, and she wanted no higher right than this, the grandest right ever given to man or woman—the right to commend the Lord Jesus Christ to a dying world. Modestly and in Christian consecration she went forth to speak of the love of Jesus. Newcastle, Sunderland, Penrith, Macclesfield, Darlington, Isle of Wight, as well as numerous places in America, were the scenes of her evangelistic labours. In her Christian meetings young men rose up and said: "Why, I have got a new nature;" and timid women exclaimed: "Do you think Christ will have me?" and putting her arms around their neck, she said: "Yes, Jesus will have you." And others cried out: "O, how foolish we have been all our days to reject Christ."

A blind soldier of the Duke of Wellington, seventy years of age, both eyes put out in battle, was led by a little child to the communion rail, and while prayer was being offered, on his darkened vision eternal light broke in. And a soldier in the Queen's employ, drafted for India, stood up in the meeting, in the red jacket uniform, and said: "Pray for me wherever I go, that I may be faithful. You look at my red jacket, but if you could see under it you would see a white and blood-washed robe."

At Windsor some musicians of the Queen's band attended her meetings and listened, and then and there heard the voice of Christ from this woman's lips, and took Christ with them back to the palace. And the police that stood at the door, too, listening, even they surrendered themselves to the Lord who bought them. Places of iniquity cowered before her.

At North Shields, a man who kept intoxicating liquors for sale said: "I don't know why Dr. and Mrs Palmer came here to bother me. Before they came to this place, I used to draw off half a barrel of beer every night for my customers. Now I scarcely draw off a quart." Sixty souls were saved one night in Sunderland under her work: six hundred souls brought to God at her meetings in Manchester. About three thousand were brought to God in the district of Newcastle.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND SOULS

in America and in England saved under the instrumentality of Phœbe Palmer! What a record for earth and heaven! What an array for the judgment day! What a doxology for the one hundred and forty and four thousand! What a mountain of coronets flung down at the feet of Jesus!

I am amazed also at her power of prayer. We dabble in it once in a while, but do not know much about the art. Phœbe Palmer got what she asked for because she knew how to ask. Sailing up towards Liverpool, with her husband, she prayed God that some one may meet them on the pier, and welcome them to England. On the landing stage there is a man, in the garb of a minister, standing. She says, "There is the man who has come to welcome us to England." The boat strikes the dock, and the minister steps on board and says, "Is this Dr and Mrs Palmer? Welcome to the shores of old England!"

Worn out physically with her Christian exertions, she asked for strength, and God gave it to her. Labouring in some place amid great obstacles, she asked that that night a great multitude may be saved; and a multitude press into the side room, repenting, praying, rejoicing. On the way home from England a man fell overboard. She saw him floating at a great dis-

tance. She cried mightily unto God for that man's rescue, saying : "Save him, I will point him to Christ, and I will try to have him become a Christian." And she prayed in an agony that he might be saved, and, by what seemed a miraculous effort, he was saved and brought on deck, and the evangelist did her work with him. Resting on the promises of Scripture, she found out the secret of all-prevailing and all-conquering prayer. O God, who hearest prayer, teach us how to pray !

But the shepherdess, crook in hand, has gone home to rest by the still waters. The loving wife, the gentle sister, the Christian mother,

THE FLAMING EVANGELIST IS DEAD.

One would have supposed that, after so useful a life, the Lord would have allowed her to pass off easily. No. Ten weeks of great anguish, a complication of diseases adding pang to pang. It seemed as if Christ had said : "Now, on this death-bed, I will demonstrate that My grace is sufficient for everything and can bear up under everything." It seemed as if Christ had said : "Now here is a royal gem for a royal palace. I have been fifty years busy with it, polishing it and polishing it, and now only a few more cuttings of the chisel and a few more raspings of the file, and it will be as rare a gem as was ever prepared in all the centuries. Ten weeks of pain are nothing before an eternity of jubilation !" At half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of November 2nd, God said : "The work of polishing is done. Let her enter into rest."

I open to you to-day another classic. There is no need of your going back any more to saintly death-beds in the last century, when we have had such an exit here. It seems as if the clouds were only now parting, I hear the rumbling of the vanishing wheels. We stand in the light of the opening of the King's gate as she went in. Hear the story of her dying raptures. It seems to have all the quietness of a pastoral, and yet to be as life-stirring as a battle march. Her life was a song ; her death a "Hallelujah Chorus."

In her last sickness she said to her husband : "I *am fully saved. I have not a single doubt. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb ! I am within speaking distance of my home in Paradise. You have been the kindest of husbands to me, and our love has been abiding, and it shall abide for ever.*"

And when blindness came, and she could not see at all, she said : "*O what sweet nurses I have ! Jesus was left all alone in His last agony.*" When they read to her the promises of God's word, she said : "*Put my name in those promises.*" And ever after that, when the promises were read, it was with the name of Phœbe Palmer attached to them.

Again she said : "*Hallelujah ! Precious Jesus. I am passing through the valley, but without the shadow, trusting in Christ. O, so weary ! How I should like to go ! but Thy will, not mine, be done. I thought before this, the light of eternal day would dawn upon me, but it has not yet dawned.*" When a daughter said, "Do you see me, mamma ?" she said, "*I see no one but Jesus, but I shall soon*

SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

Glory be to the Father ! Glory be to the Son ! Glory be to the Holy Ghost !" When they bathed her fevered hands she said : "*I shall soon bathe my hands in the life-giving waters.*" On the last morning, as she woke up, she said : "*I thought I saw the chariot ! So glorious ! glorious ! 'O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ !*'" Then she pronounced the apostolic benediction, a benediction for her husband, for her children, for the Church universal, and for the world whose redemption she had tried to hasten : "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all for ever. Amen." And then Phœbe Palmer was dead.

No, no, no ; not dead. She lives ! she lives ! It seems to me as if I could almost see her standing this morning on the battlements of heaven, waiving the triumph, calling down to us through this sweet Sabbath air ; and I waive back to her. Hail ! ransomed spirit. Hallelujah !

O bereft souls, be comforted ! Let her memory be to you an inspiration. Be sure you get on the road she travelled, that you may come out at the same glory. She will be waiting for you, waiting at the foot of the throne, waiting under the trees of life, waiting on the banks of the river, and some day she will cry out : "My husband's coming, my sister's coming, my child's coming. Stand back, ye blessed ones, and let me welcome them in." And the grief of the afternoon of November 2nd will be swallowed in the joy of the heavenly reception.

O ! how like old times it will be to get mother back again, sweeter than when you sat upon her knee in infancy, and nestled in her arms, and looked up into her loving face as she leaned over your cradle. But it will be mother without the shortness of breath ! Mother without the weary limbs. Mother without the paroxysm of distress. Sainted mother ! Glorified mother ! Enthroned mother !

Blessed be God that so many of us have mothers in heaven. They may not have moved in as celebrated a sphere as Phœbe Palmer ; but they were just as dear to us, and their tenderness breaks upon us to-day in a flood that overflows the banks, and we rejoice at the prospect of flinging ourselves into their arms when, tired out with the work of life, we go home. Alas for any man that misses heaven, when he has a Christian mother there !

O that the name of Phœbe Palmer might be one of the watchwords to rouse up the Church universal. The Methodist Church cannot monopolise her name. She belonged, indeed, to that Church, she lived in it, she died in it, she loved it ; but you cannot build any denominational wall high enough to shut out that light from our souls. She is mine. She is yours. She belonged to all earth and all heaven. Eternal God ! let the story of her life thrill all nations !

Then when our hands get hot with the last fever, may we go up to cool them in the fountains ; and when our physical eyesight fails in death, may we see "the King in His beauty ;" and when it is our time to go, let there be a chariot to fetch us home !

Until, then departed spirit, farewell ! We can afford to wait for such a grand reunion. Farewell ! Farewell ! And now may the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is pleasing in His sight through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen. (Hebrews xiii. 21.)—(*Signs of our Times*).

'RILLS IN THE DESERT.'

Among those who went forth from our 'city of blessing' in the bright days of summer, there are doubtless many who can tell of blessing that went with them, and of the joy they found in beholding 'rills in the desert' of some human hearts springing up unto everlasting life. The following incident is an illustration :—

A visitor entered a cottage in a beautiful Highland valley, and conversing with the daughter of the house, told her something of the good news from Edinburgh, sang the well-known hymn, 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me,' and left a tract containing a thrilling history of conversion. Within a few days, on calling again, she found the young woman in deep concern about her soul. She had read the tract, and was awakened. Sleep had almost fled from her pillow, and such a load oppressed her, she knew not what to do. The stranger immediately turned to John iii 16, vi. 37, and pointed the anxious one to Jesus, praying with her ; but no light dawned as yet. Still urging her to read again and again in these life-giving words, and pray over them, she left her.

A third visit within a day or two, and what a change! The bright face spoke eloquently, and the daughter of the house exclaimed, 'Oh, the relief I have got in my mind ! Words cannot express it ! I did as you told me, and read those verses over and over again, and I found peace last night. Oh, what a friend !' And then, with joyful tears, they knelt in thanksgiving and prayer at the feet of Jesus. 'And is the Bible a new book to you now ?' asked her visitor. 'Oh, yes,' she replied ; 'I thought I could not get through my work fast enough to get to my Bible. I would never weary of it. The Lord has sent you. I am just another creature. What a sinner I was ! just taken up with the world, as if there was nothing beyond it. But what is the world ?'

Afterwards, when perplexed about indwelling sin, it was beautiful to see how the word met and relieved her distress as soon as the suitable passage was presented to her ; truly it was with her, 'The entrance of Thy words giveth light.' Her gratitude to the poor messenger was unbounded ; the best that the little farm afforded was lavishly pressed upon her, with the touching words, 'I could give you everything I have.'

A month afterwards, the following words, contained in a letter from this happy soul, show how abiding is the peace that Jesus gives :—'Words cannot express how happy I feel since I found Jesus. He is with me—He is around me—He is the Saviour of sinners. He is my Saviour—He will never leave me nor let me go—Jesus is mine, and I am His.' Such is the joyful new song of one who has so lately been brought to know 'Jesus loves me.' What encouragement is here to every one who would be a soul-gatherer !

'Surely each blood-washed one may say,
Lord, grant that even for me,
By Thy rich grace, some humble place
In Thy great field may be,
For if the servant's heart is glad
When he, through grace divine,
Leads one to Thee Thy child to be,
Still gladness more is Thine.'

(Times of Blessing.)

WAYS OF DOING GOOD.

The question recurs, "What can I do ?" Much will depend on your age, sex, condition, advantages, the number and the kind of talents God has put into your hand. You must consider these, and lay out your capital to the best advantage. Let us mention some fields ; and you can consider if there be any one of them you could cultivate.

Your own family. Are all its members godly ? Have they all a place in the church ? No ? Then you have a work at your door. Pray ; reflect ; look for the side on which you can bring help. There is a child not receiving any teaching. There is a want of religious reading even for Sabbaths. The child could be got to Sabbath school. A good serial could be got to tempt the careless to read. There is no regular attendance at church, no seat in a church perhaps. Could you manage to get this arranged ? There are servants in the house ? Are they Christians ? or do you know anything about them ? Inquiry even might do good. Try all ways at home. A light is brightest to those who are closest to it.

Your relations, how is it with them ? Are they Christians ? All ? Some are not, not even being approached. Can you approach them, with affection, gentleness, at the right time, and in the right way. Do you live so that they will respect you, and attach weight to what you say ? Do you carry yourself so that they will love you ? You are the very person of all others perhaps to bring the truth to a cousin, an aunt, a nephew. Remember how Joseph provided bread for his brethren and their households, ill as they treated him.

Who lives next door ? Are those neighbours, to whom you bow on the steps, Christians ? Have they a pastor ? Do the children learn saving truth ? When they are sick do you show them the gentle side of Christianity—that which it turns to the suffering ? Do you offer any comfort in sorrow ? They know you to be a Christian, perhaps. They must wonder that you have no care for their souls. Perhaps they think your religion is only a form. You will be, and they will be, at the judgment-day. What will there be to look back on of effort made for them ?

In what congregation do you worship ? Is the minister ever cast down ? Are all the committees full and in good spirits ? Is there any part of the work falling behind ? Could you help it on ? You have some place already. Do you fill it effectively ? Do you really "take hold ?" Are you doing your work with your might ?

There are various "societies" around you. They find it hard to get working members of boards and committees. You would be amazed to learn how hard it is for some of them to get a quorum at meetings for business. They have "honorary members" and ornamental members, nominal members, and contributing members who give money and nothing else ; and secretaries have great trouble to contrive for the faithful doing of the business. Could you aid ? Do you help with your means ? To be sure the societies are not all perfect ; but they all do some, and many of them much good, that might not be done otherwise.

"Who are with you in the office ?" Other young men do not fail to tell of the theatres, entertainments, and "sights" they enjoy. You have heard of their pleasures. Do you tell them with equal enthusiasm of yours ? They tell of their "good times," advertise their haunts, and commend their entertainers. Do you ?

But you are a lady. Well, how are the poor neighbours around you ? Are there any girls likely to grow up without knowing the use of a needle ? Sewing-schools, free, once a week, taught by ladies, and their toils with scissors and stitches relieved by a pleasant hymn and a Scripture verse, and consecrated by a prayer—which perhaps the poor little girls never joined in at home—such have done great good.

Are there any rough boys around you, growing up in godlessness, getting ready for the penitentiary ? A Christian lady is just the person to do some of them good. Her sex wins deference, except from the worst ; and her gentleness softens them. Are there any poor, over-worked mothers near you, to whom life is perpetual, unrelieved toil ? "Mothers' meetings" have done them good. They need not be large—indeed a small meeting is often best, for you can get near their burdened hearts. They can not go to church, or get dressed, or get their clothes settled—"for the children." There is a way of carrying the church, and the truth, and all Christian charities to them.

Are there any near you, accessible to you, clearly going to ruin ? There is your neighbour's son learning to drink. You saw him reeling the other evening. "Run, speak to that young man." A timely word may save him. The woman who waits on you is becoming entangled in a bad association. She is your sister—fond of you, perhaps—will you let her go, unwarned ?

"Ah ! but," you say, it is so hard to do these things : it requires a sacrifice." Just so. The Lord knows that. He says so ; "With such sacrifices God is well pleased."—*Dr. Hall in Intelligencer.*

SIX ABSURDITIES OF DEISM.

1*st Absurdity.*—That our wise and good Creator has either left us totally in the dark as to the most important of all subjects, or has suffered an imposture to possess such evidences of truth as must be convincing to a candid and unprejudiced mind.

2*nd Absurdity.*—That entirely *by chance* several ancient writers, living at different times, foretold many of the leading events of history, and announced many very minute particulars as to the future changes and states of various countries, people, and individuals; numerous incontestable proofs of the fulfilment of which prophecies exist to the present day.

3*rd Absurdity.*—That upwards of a million of people could all be persuaded by a impostor that they had passed through the Red Sea, and been fed for forty years with bread from heaven, when no such things had really happened.

4*th Absurdity.*—That many of the worst of men conspired, in different ages, to write books of the purest morals; and, while they condemned all liars to everlasting misery, they were themselves the very worst of all deceivers

5*th Absurdity.*—That these deceivers spread abroad that imposture for the very purpose of courting persecution, imprisonment, tortures, and death; and also persuaded innumerable multitudes, in various countries and ages, to do the same.

6*th Absurdity.*—That illiterate men, without Divine assistance, did more than the wisest and most learned, namely, imagine and describe such a character as the Founder of Christianity, which is acknowledged even by his enemies to be perfect; and wrote such inimitable books as those of the sacred Scriptures.

Reader,—these and many other absurdities you must believe if you reject the Gospel of Christ! You call yourself the friend of reason; why then reject those evidences which appeal to you as rational beings, and which cannot fail to convince those whose minds are not preoccupied by pride, prejudice, or vice? Know that this is not a subject of indifference; for those who reject Christ despise the *only* means of salvation, that redemption which is in his blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace. O believe in Him, and you shall be saved; but if you reject him, there remaineth no other sacrifice for sin, and you must perish, as wilful rejecters and despisers of God's unspeakable gift.—(*Hand Bill.*)

Miscellany.

—*Christian*, January 21: "On Friday afternoon, Miss Weston narrated her seven years' work among the seamen and marines of the Royal Navy, in Room No. 6 of the Conference Hall, Mildmay-park. As our readers already know, a letter written by Miss Weston to a sailor, and shown to others, was the commencement of a work that has now attained such great dimensions. The number of the monthly letter to the men, beginning at 250, is now 4000, and that to the boys, 2000. Perhaps to those who know what sailors are, the most remarkable department is the temperance one. Imagine branches on board nearly 80 naval vessels, with thousands of staunch abstainers! God most wonderfully inclines the commanders and others to favour the work, or it never could have succeeded as it has. But the spiritual work will always afford the deepest interest to every child of God; and the details of early struggles, and the marked blessing which has rested upon it, were most thrilling. Miss Weston's great object now is to secure a large red brick house close to the dockyard gates, at Devonport, and turn it into a "Sailor's Rest" and Mission. In thirteen weeks the Lord has sent her £1700 of the £4000 needed, and she is full of faith and hope that the remainder will soon be sent."

—*Belfast Witness*, January 14: "The noon meeting on Monday (at which progress is usually reported) was very large. The Rev. John Macnaughtan presided, and delivered an address on the words—"What hath God wrought," in the course of which he referred to letters which he had just received from places like Castlebar and Ballygawley, descriptive of a remarkably good work which is going on in those distant places. The Rev. Hugh Hanna spoke of the great meetings in St. Enoch's the previous week. After the first meeting, he said, there were thirty inquirers, after the second forty, after the third sixty, and after the fourth 100. He had never seen stronger cases of conviction than at these meetings. The Rev. Dr. Donald said he had never witnessed a deeper or more solemn influence, or more genuine cases of conviction anywhere than at the meetings of last week. The other meetings during the week have been well kept up."

—Mr. Gladstone on the Pope's Speeches:

"Instead of opening the door to friendly compromise, this is the very thing for the treatment of which the furnace of his wrath is ever seven times heated. 'Yes, my sons,' he says in a 'stupendous' (i. 268) discourse, and himself 'resplendent with a grandeur more than human' (269) to an 'innumerable multitude of the faithful, Roman and foreign' (266), whom he has already congratulated (283) on their readiness to give all, even *their blood*, for him. 'Yes, my sons, draw into ever closer union, nor be arrested even for a moment, by lying reports of an impossible "reconcilation." It is futile to talk of reconciliation. The Church can never be reconciled with error, and the Pope cannot separate himself from the Church . . . . No; no reconciliation can ever be possible between Christ and Belial, between light and darkness, between truth and falsehood, between justice and the usurpation.'

"This passage, by no means isolated, is, it must be admitted, rather 'superhuman.' The wrath of the aged Pontiff had in fact been stirred in a special way by some *abbominevoli immagini*, some execrable pictures, which were for him most profane. The editor explains to us what they were. Such is the unheard-of audacity of Italian Liberalism, and such its hatred and persecution of the Pope, that (ii. 285) a certain Verzaschi, living in the Corso No. 135 had for several days exhibited to public view a picture, in which the Pope and the King of Italy were—we tremble as we write—embracing one another!

But if the Holy Father is thus decisive on the subject of visible representations which he conceives to be profane, we should greatly value his judgment, were there an opprtunity of obtaining it, on another commodity of the same class, an Italian work, sold in Rome and not a production of the hated Liberals It is stamped 'Diritto di proprieta di Cleofe Ferrari,' with an address in Rome, of which the particulars cannot be clearly deciphered, but it is manifestly authentic.

It is a photograph of 6½ by 4½ inches, and it represents a double scene, one in the heavens above, one on the earth below. Above, and receding from the foreground is one of these figures of the Eternal Father, which we in England view with repugnance; but that is not the point. On the right-hand of that figure stands, towards the foreground, the Blessed Virgin Mary, with the moon under her feet (Rev. xii. 1); on the left-hand, and also towards the front, is Saint Peter, kneeling on one knee; but kneeling to the Virgin, not to God. In the scene below we have an elevated pedestal with a group of figures, nearer the eye, and filling the foreground. On the pedestal is Pope Pius IX., in a sitting posture, with his hands clasped, his crown, the Triregno on his head, and a stream of light falling upon him, from a dove forming part of the upper combination, and representing of course the Holy Spirit. The Pope's head is not turned towards the figure of the Almighty. Round the pedestal are four kneeling figures, apparently representing the four great quarters of the globe, whose corporal adoration is visibly directed towards the Pontiff, and not towards the opened heaven. We omit some other details not so easily understood; and indeed the reader will by this time have had a sickening sufficiency of this sort of 'abominable images.' We commend this most profane piece of adulation to the notice of the Cardinal Vicar, as it will supply him with a very valuable topic in his next demand upon the Italian Government to prevent the public exhibition in Rome of what conveys an insult to religion.

—*Times of Refreshing*; "the Secret of a Happy Life," by H. W. S.

Most Christians are like a man who was toiling along the road, bending under a heavy burden, when a wagon overtook him, and the driver kindly offered to help him on his journey. He joyfully accepted the offer, but when seated continued to bend beneath his burden, which he still kept on his shoulders. "Why do you not lay down your burden?" asked the kind hearted driver. "Oh!" replied the man, "I feel that it is almost too much to ask you to carry me, and I could not think of letting you carry my burden too." And so Christians, who have given themselves into the care and keeping of the Lord Jesus, still continue to bend beneath the weight of their burden, and often go weary and heavy laden throughout the whole length of their journey.

When I speak of burdens I mean everything that troubles us, whether spiritual or temporal.

I mean first of all ourselves. The greatest burden we have to carry in life is self. The most difficult thing we have to manage is self. Our own daily living, our frames and feelings, our especial weaknesses and temptations, and our peculiar temperaments,—our inward affairs of every kind,—these are the things that perplex and worry us more than anything else, and that bring us oftenest into bondage and darkness. In laying off your burdens, therefore, the first one you must get rid of is yourself. You must hand yourself and all your inward experience, your temptations, your temperament, your frames and feelings, all over into the care and keeping of your God, and leave them there. He made you and therefore He understands you and knows how to manage you, and you must trust Him to do it. Say to Him, "Here, Lord, I abandon myself to Thee. I have tried in every way I could think of to manage myself, and to make myself what I know I ought to be, but have always failed. Now I give it up to Thee. Do Thou take entire possession of me. Work in me all the good pleasure of Thy will. Mould and fashion me into such a vessel as seemeth good to Thee. I leave myself in Thy hands, and I believe Thou wilt, according to Thy promise, make me into a vessel unto Thy own honour, 'sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work.'" And here you must rest, trusting yourself thus to Him continually and absolutely.

Next, you must lay off every other burden: your health, your reputation, your Christian work, your houses, your children, your business, your servants,—everything, in short, that concerns you, whether inward or outward.

Christians always commit the keeping of their souls for eternity to the Lord, because they know, without a shadow of doubt, that they cannot keep them themselves. But the things of this present life they take into their own keeping, and try to carry on their own shoulders, with the perhaps unconfessed feeling that it is a great deal to ask the Lord to carry them, and that they cannot think of asking Him to carry their burdens too.

I knew a Christian lady who had a very heavy temporal burden. It took away her sleep and her appetite, and there was danger of her health breaking down under it. One day, when it seemed especially heavy, she noticed lying on the table near her a little tract called "Hannah's Faith." Attracted by the title, she picked it up and began to read it, little knowing, however, that it was to create a revolution in her whole experience. The story was of a poor woman who had been carried triumphantly through a life of unusual sorrow. She was giving the history of her life to a kind visitor on one occasion, and at the close the visitor said, feelingly, "Oh, Hannah, I do not see how you could bear so much sorrow!" "I did not bear it," was the quick reply; "the Lord bore it for me." "Yes," said the visitor, "that is the right way. We must take our troubles to the Lord." "Yes," replied Hannah, "but we must do more than that: we must *leave* them there. Most people," she continued, "take their burdens to Him, but they bring them away with them again, and are just as worried and unhappy as ever. But I take mine, and I leave them with Him, and come away and forget them. And if the worry come back, I take it to Him again; and I do this over and over, until at last I just forget I have any worries, and am at perfect rest."

My friend was very much struck with this plan, and resolved to try it. The circumstances of her life she could not alter, but she took them to the Lord, and handed them over into His management; and then she believed that he took it, and she left all the responsibility, and the worry and anxiety, with Him. As often as the anxieties returned she took them back; and the result was that, although the circumstances remained unchanged, her soul was kept in perfect peace in the midst of them. She felt that she had found out a blessed secret, and from that time she never again tried to carry her own burdens, nor to manage anything for herself.

And the secret she found so effectual in her outward affairs, she found to be still more effectual in he inward ones, which were in truth even more utterly unmanageable. She abandoned her whole self to the Lord, with all that she was and all that she had, and, believing that He took that which she had committed to Him, she ceased to fret and worry, and her life became all sunshine in the gladness of belonging to Him. And this was "the Higher Christian Life"! It was a very simple secret she found out—only this: that it was possible to obey God's commandment contained in those words, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God;" and that, in obeying it, the result would inevitably be, according to the promise, that the "peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

There are many other things to be said about this life hid with Christ in God, many details as to what the Lord Jesus does for those who thus abandon themselves to Him. But the gist of the whole matter is here stated, and the soul that has got hold of this secret has found the key that will unlock the whole treasure-house of God.

—Rev. Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn lately preached a sermon on Recreation, at the close of which he said:

But mere secular amusement and entertainment are not a fit foundation for the soul to build on. Have you never had in your own life illustrations of the fact that worldly amusements are not sufficient, and that the pleasures of this life are, after all, evanescent, and the morning that opens most brightly may end in the darkest night? I know there are those who seek in the pleasures of this world their chief satisfaction; and I want to tell them of the mistake they are making before they wake up in everlasting disappointment.

I had an illustration in my own life of how evanescent is earthly pleasure, and how that which opens very brightly may end in darkness and gloom and trouble. I had read in books illustrations of the kind, but I never saw any that was as powerful as that which I had in my own life.

Just after being settled in a pastorate at Philadelphia, and while I was yet ignorant of all the surroundings of that city, one Monday morning, fatigued somewhat with the duties of the previous Sabbath, I went out for the purpose of recreation, taking, in all,

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my wife, my only daughter, my elder sister Sarah and her daughter, who was a young lady. It was a beautiful June morning. Passing along by the Schuylkill river we saw some pleasure boats waiting for excursionists; and one of our party said, "Suppose we take a row on the river." I said, "Well," and in two minutes were all aboard—five of us in all.

There had been a freshet some days before and the stream was very violent. I laid hold the oars and pulled away, and there was laughter and shouting and joy. O it was a very happy party. I was pulling away with all my strength, when I heard a shout from the shore, and I saw a waving of the hand, as much as to say, "Stop! stop!" I looked back and I saw we were within a few yards of the awful plunge over the dam—the dam that reaches across the Schuylkill. With a cry to God for help and an agony that I can never describe, I laid on to the oars and tried to put back. It was too late!

We went over with an awful plunge, the boat capsizing as we went. None of us being able to swim, we clung to the rim of the upset boat, save two—my wife, who was drawn under the dam instantly, and my child, who sank. From the shore, very soon boats came, but it seemed like many hours. The survivors of the party got into the boat, and we looked around for the fairest and the best in all the group, but she was gone. And then I saw under the wave the straw hat of my little child, and I clutched for it as with a death grip, and I hauled her in black with strangulation.

There were five of us who first got into the boat, but there were only four of us who landed. For six days and nights the gunners stood firing the cannon across that river, the artillerymen expecting by the disturbance of the air to raise the body from the bottom of the river. They eventually succeeded. O! what a change between that bright June morning when we went out with laughter and song, and the same afternoon when we came across the Schuylkill bridge in a close carriage, four of us; my half-dead and motherless child, wrapped in flannels, lying on my lap. Upon such a bright morning, did there ever drop such a horrible night?

I learned a lesson that day which I teach this day, to you, and that is, you cannot depend much upon the pleasures and the amusements of this life. O people of the world, learn this: that while the stream of earthly pleasure may break down into darkness and into death, the river of God's comfort and salvation flows on all through this world, emptying at last into the boundless, fathomless ocean of eternal joy. May God bring you this day into the soft and beautiful current! Only a few strokes of the oar and you will be landed.

—The Romish religion is one of money. A poor, penniless lad wished to have some prayers said over his mother's grave.

"The charge is ten francs," said the priest; "have you the money?"

"No," said the boy; "but I will earn it, and pay you later. Do say the prayers!" added he, earnestly and tearfully; "it was mother's last wish."

"Ah!" said the priest, "that won't do. I've been taken in that way before, but it shan't be done a second time."—*Christian.*

—God is Alpha and Omega in the great world: endeavour to make Him so in the little world; make Him thy evening epilogue and thy morning prologue; practise to make Him thy last thought at night when thou sleepest, and thy first thought in the morning when thou awakest. So shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding be rectified in the day. So shall thy rest be peaceful, thy labour prosperous, thy life pious, and thy death glorious.—*Quarles.*

—A Christian home ought to be like a well-watered garden lying to the sun, full of bright blossoms and well-grown plants. Here the want of the 'broken' will works sad havoc. It shrivels meeker natures into silence by its vehemence, and paralyzes loving ones by its contempt. The fair garden is desolated, its sunshine obscured, because its members, or one of its members, trample roughshod over the 'weaknesses' of the rest. I cannot too earnestly beseech you to make yourselves, here as elsewere, 'of no reputation.' In this way, and in no other, will the Lord 'highly exalt you.'—*M. G. M.*

—Submission is your truest duty, your highest service—submission to God and man. Your privilege does not end with the first. There it is, I think, that you often mistake. While you are crying, 'Not my will, but Thine be done,' remember at the same time the command, 'Submit yourselves one to another.' It is this submission that Paul says is in God's sight 'of great price.' If you learn early in your heavenward walk this twofold submission, it will save you from much sin and suffering.—*Times of Blessing.*

—If one note of the organ be out of key, or harsh of tone, it mars the whole tune. All the other reeds may be in harmony, but the one defective reed destroys the sweetness of all the rest. In every tune it makes discord somewhere. Its noise jars out into every other note. And so one sin destroys the harmony of a whole life. A child may be obedient, filial, industrious, and honest: but ill-temper is a jarring reed that touches every grace with chill and discord. Let every affection, and every thought and every action, be right; and there is music in the life—*Selected.*

—Father Parker is an old colored preacher in Norfolk, and his ambition seems to have been fully satisfied when he headed the procession on the day when the Emancipation was proclaimed in 1863: "I went an' headed dem colored people, a-ridin' in dat yer carridge, a-settin back on dem yer cushions. An' I sot back—so—an' lifted up my eyes, an' seed de Union flag a-wavin' an' a-wavin' obe my head—so—an' de music a-playin' an' de people a-shoutin' an' I said, 'Lord! can dis be *me*, ole Bill Parker, slave forty year, a settin' back in dis yer carridge, on dese yer cushions, wid de ole flag a-flyin ober my head, a ridin' along at de head ob dis percession of free men?' *An' I sot back!*"

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

London, 19th February: The Prince Imperial has passed his examination at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and has assumed the direction of the Imperialist party.—When the House of Commons assembled last night Dr. Kenealy entered to take his seat without having been introduced, whereupon the Speaker intimated that two sponsors were required to introduce a newly elected member. The Commons, however, on a motion of Mr. Disraeli, waived the rule on this occasion.—A motion was adopted declaring John Mitchell unqualified to sit in Parliament, and ordering a new writ to be issued for Tipperary

Berlin, 19th: In consequence of the tardiness of Spain in affording satisfaction to Germany on account of the Carlists having fired on the German brig *Gustav*, Germany is preparing a naval expedition to be sent against the Carlists.

New York, 19th: The weather throughout America has been intensely cold, the Potomac and Chesapeake Rivers are frozen over and all inland water communication is interrupted.

Madrid, 18th: King Alphonso has formally received the French, Austrian and Russian Ambassadors.

London, 20th: The Indian Officers' Compensation Committee met yesterday to transact business, and an early termination of its labours is expected.—In the House of Commons Dr. Kenealy announced that he purposed bringing forward a motion relative to the Tichborne prosecution.—Lord George Hamilton, replying to Mr. Dalrymple, said that no despatch had yet been received concerning the leave rules of the Indian Uncovenanted Civil Servants, but in replying to a telegram from the India Office, the Indian Government had announced that a despatch on this subject would be forwarded to England by the next mail.—The Emperor of Germany is again indisposed.—Rumours are current in Berlin that Prince Bismarck contemplates retiring shortly from public life.

21st: The Hon. Mr. Robert Hill Pinhey has been gazetted Judge of the High Court of Bombay.—Mr. Marling, a Liberal, has been elected M. P. for Stroud, defeating Viscount Bury.

Paris, 22nd: After protracted negociations a Senate Bill has been framed, in which it is proposed that the Departments shall elect 225 members a third of whom retire triennially and the remaining 75 are to be elected for life by the Assembly.—Marshal MacMahon has waived the right of nomination.—M. Gambetta's warnings against Bonapartism have secured the support of the Left.—The Senate Bill has at length been voted in the Assembly by 422 against 251 votes.

London, 23rd: In the House of Commons last night Mr. Hardy's Bill relating to regimental exchanges passed a second reading by 232 votes against 185.—John Mitchell has announced his intention of again standing for Tipperary.—H. R. H. Prince Leopold is reported convalescent.—Mr. Huddleston, Q. C., has been appointed Puisne Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in succession to Sir Henry S. Keating who retires.—The difficulty arising from the *Virginius* affair has been settled.—Obituary: Sir Charles Lyell.

Rome, 22nd: The Pope has issued a Bull to the German Bishops, in which his Holiness forbids the acceptance of benefices from the State under pain of excommunication.

London, 24th: Sir Garnet Wolseley has started for Natal.—Severe cold prevails throughout Europe.

Paris, 23rd: The Bonapartists and Legitimists are strenuously endeavouring to defeat the Senate Bill in its final stages; the members of the Left are however united and refuse to listen to any proposals for amendments.

Madrid, 23rd: The Royalist troops in Navarre remain inactive. General Moriones has resigned his command.

Paris, 24th: Notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of both Legitimists and Bonapartists, the Assembly have rejected all the amendments on the Senate Bill, and finally passed, by a majority of 448 against 241 votes, the Bill, as framed and proposed on the 21st instant.

Washington, 24th: Congress have voted the Revenue Bill, which increases the duty on sugar 25 per cent. Tea and coffee, however, still remain untaxed.

London, 25th: A diplomatic difficulty has arisen between Turkey and Spain, owing to the latter having notified to Roumania the accession of Alphonso to the Spanish Throne.

—It is a blessing beyond every other earthly good to be associated with praying Christian people. We do not know how many times the Lord wards off danger and trouble from us on this account, and how many blessings come to us in answer to their prayer. Choose such company in preference to any other, if you would enjoy the blessings God bestows in this life, and be fitted at last for such companionship in the life beyond.—*Times of Blessing.*

—The good reputation of others should be dear to us. Sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked; but it should be in accordance with the Scripture method: "Go and tell him his fault betwixt thee and him alone." And it should be borne in mind that what is too often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to to be made a plaything of, even if the intent be not malicious.—*American Messenger.*

PASSENGERS SAILED.

Per P. and O. Str. *Zambesi*, 22*nd*:

For Brindisi.—Mr. A. W. C. Lindsay, Capt. J. R. Westmoreland, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Rammell, Mr. and Mrs. Cresswell, Mr. Wyman, Col. G. R. Cookson, Mr and Mrs. Eldridge, and Col. Blomfield.

For Southampton.—Lieut. and Mrs. Parry Okeden and infant, Col. A. T. Armstrong, Surgeon-Major Kendall, Mr. G. Turner, Mr. Paul Apcar, Captain and Mrs Colquhoun and two children.

For Suez.—Mr John Vandershys, M. Renard, M. Denssen, Mr. Thomas Spilling, Mr Chadwick, Mr. Herbert Praed, Mr. G. T. Walsh, Mr Leghram.

For Venice.—Mr. Geo Russell, Miss Drysdale, Mrs. Short, Mr. W. Heilgers, Mr Jas. W. Wright, Mr. R. R. Carew, Mr. and Mrs. Grose and infant, Mr. P. Z Jourdan, and Dr. J. H. Ritchie

For Aden.—Colonel Short

Per Str. *Pelayo*, 22*nd*, for Liverpool:

Miss Lyne, Major W. C. B. Ryan, two children, E. nurse and ayah, Mr. and Mrs. Ballett and two children, Mr. D. McMordie, and Rev. Mr. and. Mrs. Dawson and three children.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

Per Str. *Hindoo*, 24*th*, from London Jan. 24:

Col and Mrs. Aynesleys, Misses Aynesleys (3) and Miss Hand, Mr and Mrs Waldie, Captain Troupe, Major and Mrs. Allen, Miss Allen and European servant, Captain and Mrs. Glascock, Mr. C. R. Dallar, Mr. Canning, Lieut and Mrs. Yaldwign and infant, Mr W E and Miss Miller, Col. and Mrs. Dandridge, Miss Dandridge, Mr. and Mrs. Burton and infant, Mr. Gillespie, 3 child en and 1 servant, Mrs. Guthrie, Mrs. Elliot and child, Miss Marshall, Miss Tighe, Mr and Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hamilton and child, Miss Muston, Miss Staunton, Mrs. Smith and two children, Mrs. Hampton, Mr Baker, Mrs. Mutton and child, Mr Gilbertson, Mr and Mrs. Rivers and child.

Per P. and O. Str. *China*, 25*th*:

From Southampton.—Sub-Lieut. Beley, Mr. W. L. Longman, Mr. J. S. Waterfield, Miss Manning, Mr. G. A. Bayley, Mr T. Smith, Mr and Mrs. Connon, General Grant's E. female servant, Col. Cross, Mrs Alexander, Mrs. Bennett and son.

From Brindisi.—Capt. W C. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Macdonell, Mr. Meeklejohn, Mr. W Huddlestone, Mr. H Bell, Mrs. Stuart Hogg, Mrs. Gamble, Miss Gamble, Miss Morris, Mr R. S. Ellis and native male servant. Mr. T. Gessell, Mr. Turner, Mr and Mrs. R. Stewart, infant, and E. female servant.

From Venice.—Col and Mrs. Chitty and infant, Miss Chitty, Miss Hoyle, Mr. and Mrs Hill, Mr. R. A. Hill, Mr. R. A. Hickey, Lieut. Col. T. A. Dickens, Mrs. G. Hancock infant, and ayah. Mr Davidson, Col. G N. Cave, and Mr. A. Colvin.

From Malta.—Mr. Inch

From Suez.—Mr. Letellier.

Domestic Occurrences.

MARRIAGES.

TURNER—BOYD—February 18th, at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev D. Macpherson, W. B. Turner of Sheagaum, West Berar, to Ann Craig Boyd, second daughter of Mr. Thos Boyd Johnstone, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

PEAD—HARVEY—February 2 th, at Christ's Church, Byculla, by the Rev. G C. Reynell, Chaplain of Byculla, William Pead, Master, Steamer *Phlox*, to Maria, third daughter of the late George Harvey, Esq., Dublin, Ireland.

DEATHS.

GROVES—February 17th, at Secunderabad, Deccan, William Herbert, infant son of G. Barton Groves, Esq., Postal Department.

HARRINGTON—February 19th, at Colaba, Grant Buildings, Harriet Margaret, wife of Mr. J. Harrington.

BALDOCK—February 10th. at Mhow, John Harrison, child of J. Baldock, Esq., 3rd (King's Own) Hussars, aged 7 months.

SILVA—February 21st, at his residence, Fort, Dr. Antonio de Silva, aged 61.

HIGGINS—February 23rd, at Bombay, Margaret aged 51, the wife of Mr. Stephen Higgins, Senior Assistant, House of Correction, Byculla.

Advertisements.

BOMBAY TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the BOMBAY TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY will be held on FRIDAY next, March 5th at 5 P. M in the FREE SCOTCH CHURCH, Esplanade.

The attendance of all friends of the Society is cordially invited.

C. W. PARK,
Secretary.

MRS. C. YATES,

DIPLOMA'D MIDWIFE AND MONTHLY NURSE,

Is now open for engagements.

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